Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame,
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo, what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchiefe which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gaueſt to *Caſio*.
Deſ. No, by my life and ſoule,
Send for the man and aske him.
Oth. Sweet ſoule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remoue, nor choake the ſtrong conception
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.
Deſ. Then Lord haue mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Deſ. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life,—neuer lou'd *Caſsio*,
But with ſuch generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue; I neuer gaue him token.
Oth. By heauen I ſaw my handkerchiefe in his hand:
O periur'd woman, thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And makſt me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice;
I ſaw the handkerchiefe.
Deſ. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſſe a truth.
Oth. He has confeſt.
Deſ. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—vſde thee.
Deſ. How, vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtop'd,

Honeſt

Honeſt *Iago* hath tane order for't.
Deſ. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?
Oth. had all his haires bin liues,
My great reuenge had ſtomacke for em all.
Deſ. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone,
Oth. O ſtrumpet,—weepeſt thou for him to my face?
Deſ. O baniſh me my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe ſtrumpet.
Deſ. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, an you ſtriue.
Deſ. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being don, there is no pauſe.
Deſ. But while I ſay one prayer. *he ſtifles her.*
Oth. Tis to late. Emillia *calles within.*
Em. My Lord, my Lord, what hoe, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine; —ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was heere; ha, no more mouing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'le ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:
O inſupportable: O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclips
Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I do beſeech you I may ſpeake with you,—O good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emillia*:
Soft, by and by: let me the curtaines draw. *Enter* Emillia.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What? now?

Em

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.501) Octavo